

**RICK SULLIVAN'S**

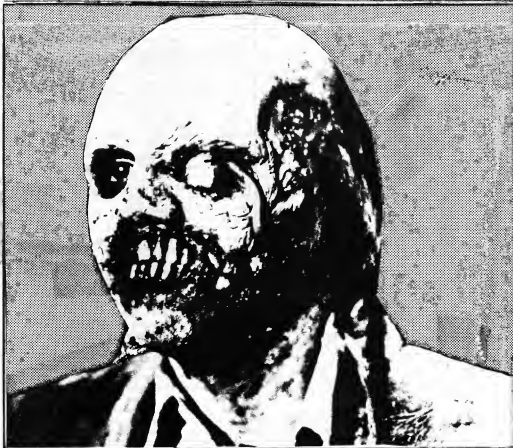
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# GORE GAZETTE

35¢

YOUR GUIDE TO HORROR, EXPLOITATION & SLEAZE

No. 76



THE GHOULISH GENTLEMAN DISPLAYED ABOVE IS JUST ONE OF THE MINIONS OF LATINO ZOMBIES FEATURED IN COMENTARIO DEL TERROR, A MEXICAN-MADE BLOODBATH THAT OPENS TO ALL SPANISH LANGUAGE THEATERS IN THE NEW YORK AREA ON JULY 12. GOREHOUNDS SHOULD BRUSH UP ON THEIR SPANISH OR TRY TO LAND A PUERTO RICAN DATE FOR THE EVENING AS THIS FOREIGN TREAT SEEMS ONE NOT TO MISS! VAMANO!

Surprisingly, the anticipated gore draught for the summer of '85 has not materialized. Except for that patriotic pastman RAMBO, no big Hollywood pictures are making notable box office splashes, leaving independent distributors many opportunities to fill in release schedules with one-week exploitation quickies. Some pretty good stuff has come out of this situation, including what has to be the winner of the coveted G.G. Gore Flick Of The Year Award. Let's look at what's been around:

CERTAIN FURY- What can two young former Oscar contenders do when they begin aging and need some quick bucks for their coke habits? Act in a New World exploitationer, of course! FAME superstar Irene Cara and Hollywood brat Tatum O'Neal irreparably damage their reputations in this low-budget, fast-paced Canadian made aleaze quickie that is a pseudo re-make of AIP's old BLACK MAMA, WHITE MAMA classic of 1973. Thrown together in juvenile court for misdemeanors, the pair are accidentally involved in a brutal courtroom slaughter and are forced to flee from police who believe them to be the murderers. While apouting hilarious racial epithets at each other (i.e., "you stupid nigger", "shut up, you illiterate white slut", etc.), the pair run through sewers, ghettos, junkie dens and woodlands creating havoc wherever they go. The venerable Peter Fonda adds to the class of this picture as a sex-hungry pimp/drug dealer also intent on catching up with the pair. Gorehounds will laud FURY as it explodes from the very beginning with grisly violence and features some surprisingly explicit nudity from Irene Cara during a depraved shower rape scene. Porky Tatum wisely keeps her clothes on throughout, however, and the flicks begins to plod to a moralistic, talky finale, marring slightly what could have been a perfect Meazemonger classic. These flaws aside, CERTAIN FURY remains a very good effort from first time director Steve Gyllenhaal that should be actively sought out by all.

FUTURE COP- Charles Band is rapidly becoming to the 1980's what Roger Corman was to the 50's with yet another no-budget sci-fi quickie that clocks in at scarcely over 75 minutes, ideal for action house "herd 'em in and out" rapid audience turnover. Originally filmed under the title TRANCERS, FUTURE spins a predictable plot concerning a

23rd century cop named Jack Death is sent back in time to 1985 Los Angeles to exterminate a madman who will later cause the destruction of the world via an atomic war. The kink in his mission is that the maniac is presently the LAPD police commissioner, so Jack has a rough time getting folks to believe his wild tale of armageddon. Actor Tim Thomerson as Jack Death elicits a few laughs with his Grade Z Harrison Ford imitations, but the rest of the acting is far below even camp standards. Band's in-house fx drone John Buechler (GHOULIES, DUNGEONMASTER, etc.) keeps the violence well within the film's PG-13 parameter, leaving FUTURE COP acarsely more than kiddie matinee fodder of no interest to gore fans.

CANNIBAL HOLOCAUST- Ruggero Deodato, Italian goremeister who pioneered the cannibal atrocity school of filmmaking back in 1972 with THE LAST SURVIVOR (a/k/a CARNIVOROUS) returns with another tale of offal and entrails set deep in the Amazon jungle. Filmed back in 1979, CANNIBAL is a confusing "film within a film" concerning an NYU professor (played by hefty Italian porno star R. Bolla) and his search for a documentary film crew who never returned from cannibal land. The professor eventually finds the uneaten remains of the crew and their film cans in a primal native village. Barely escaping with his life, Bolla returns with the footage which he screens for some television executives. The balance of HOLOCAUST is comprised of this "reacued" footage which reveals the filmmakers to have been a nasty bunch of creeps from the MAKE THEM DIE SLOWLY college of wanton plunder who make their mondo shocumentaries by staging their own massacres and rape and then re-cutting the footage to make it seem as though the natives had committed the heinous atrocities. As in SLOWLY, the natives get fed up with being killed and violated, so they attack the crew and eat them, with the cameraman's "fallen" camera preposterously filming the revenge carnage. Along the way Deodato packs HOLOCAUST with the expected explicit degree of nudity and violence, including some truly offensive sequences of actual animal mutilations, but the deception of the film's perporing to be an actual "snuff" movie when its murders are obviously faked may leave gorehounds with an overall negative feeling

the ruae. While there's no where nearly as effective as SLOWLY, CANNIBAL HOLOCAUST still emerges a passable entry for hard core gore fans only.

SILENT MADNESS- Filmed in 1983 in 3D to capitalize on the then-current optical craze, SILENT contains nothing to differentiate it from the rash of homogeneous stalk and slash epics that sprang up around the turn of the decade in the wake of the popularity of HALLOWEEN. A convicted sorority house mass murderer is mistakenly released from a mental asylum and returns to his old stomping grounds to continue the slaughter. Afraid of being publicly denounced for this gross error, the hospital administrators fake the killer's death and do not warn the public of the imminent danger. Maverick psychologist Belinda J. Montgomery (BLACKOUT, THE HOWLING) refuses to go along with the cover-up and embarks on a one-woman crusade to re-capture the psycho and warn the sorority sisters. Unbeknownst to her, the corrupt staff heads have sent a team of goons after her to stop their secret from being leaked. This somewhat interesting plot premise is bogged down by director Simon Nuchtern's (NEW YORK NIGHTS) plodding exposition and lame attempt at love interest that never really pays off with any explicit violence or action. A flick like SILENT MADNESS may have been considered the cat's nuts circa 1979 or 80, but by today's standards it is merely an uninspired old chestnut best left forgotten.

LIFEFORCE- With this \$22 million dollar abomination, Tobe Hooper proves unequivocally that his classic TEXAS CHAINSAW MASSACRE was a directoral fluke and he really isn't talented enough to handle any project bigger than a Billy Idol video. Originally filmed under the much-better title of SPACE VAMPIRES, LIFEFORCE is a confusing, convoluted sci-fi/horror hybrid featuring Steve Railsback (ESCAPE 2000, HELTER SKELTER) as the sole survivor of a space mission sent to probe weird transmissions being received from Haley's Comet. The messages are sent from three entombed, naked bodies who are really energy vampires on the prowl for the human life essence. Upon returning to London, the trio break free and begin sucking energy, leaving their victims as shrivelled cadavers that look as dried up as a nun's punky. The epidemic spreads as these

victims later re-animate into rabid, desiccated zombies who in turn seek to drain energy for themselves lest they explode into clouds of grey dust. Soon the streets are overrun with these vampires, but Hooper bogs down the potentially interesting story with rambling, unconnected subplots and talky exposition until Railsback saves the day in a hokey, unexplained finale lifted straight from the first STAR TREK movie. Gorehounds will dig John Dykstra's ghastly special effects which feature some great blood-spurting and flesh-gnawing and should also howl at femme vampireess Mathilda May who spends 95% of the flick completely nude, sporting the most mouth-watering breasts this side of Edy Williams, but in total LIFEFORCE is an uninteresting, overlong, disjointed disaster. Skip it!

DAY OF THE DEAD- George Romero's long awaited final chapter in the living dead trilogy is a gore masterpiece that far surpasses the standards of excellence set six years ago by DAWN OF THE DEAD. A shoe-in for the G.C.'s Gore Film Of The Year Award, DAY continues the familiar zombie saga with a claustrophobic tale set in a Florida underground missile silo where government scientists perform experiments on captive zombies in an attempt to figure out why they have returned to life and also to possibly domesticate them. Hampering their work is a psychotic military outfit headed up by the sadistic Capt. Rhodes (easily one of the 10 most ruthless villains in cinema history) that springs into maniacal violence at a moment's notice and is nearly as dangerous as the flesh-esters lurking outside. A bit talky for the first 1/3rd of the film, when DAY finally shifts into high gear it pulls out all the stops, courtesy of Tom Savini's state-of-the-art gut-wrenching pyrotechnics and an almost-friendly zombie named Bub who comes off as the E.T. of the depraved set. During the balance of this epic, entrails drip from corpses, limbs are severed, pounds of flesh are devoured, eyeballs gouged and heads severed in an unending barrage of carnage that will leave even the most demanding gorehound slackjawed with ecstasy. DAY OF THE DEAD is virtually flawless, and Romero should be warmly commended for delivering such quality gore product and never once forsaking the legions of fans who have given him his cinematic fame. Catch this at once!!!!

**QUICK BITS-** No room this time out for a formal re view of Red Sonja, the latest entry in the sword and sorcery genre featuring the lovely Brittne Nielsen as the crimson-tressed barbarian cutie who steals the heart of Conan the Barbarian and has been the chief cream dream of readers of Marvel Comics for well over a decade. Forebouds are advised to skip this comic opera as its PG-13 rating sugar coats the film for the pre-teen market, leaving none of the rampant violence or sexual possibilities intact from the classic Robert E. Howard pulp novels. Arnold Schwarzenegger is on hand as his usual eloquent self, but he is not permitted to be known as Conan since Dino DeLaurentiis owns the film rights to that character and was not involved in this production. Rino Carboni's monster creations look as if they were dragged off a Hercules backlot and further add to the inanity of this lackluster production.....New World Pictures has announced the acquisition of Godzilla 1985, the "serious" Toho remake of the original 1953 classic. Look for it to hit NY in late August..... Larry Cohen's The Stuff will arrive shortly after Labor Day....

RARE VIDEOS- Excellent quality copies of Buried Alive (G.G. film of the year for 1984), Peter Fonda and Nancy Sinatra in the original Uncut The Wild Angels, Satanis (a very rare documentary of the Church Of Satan featuring real beating and torture), Toys Are Not For Children (a Har-

ry Novak incest rarity from 1973), Married Too Young (a 1962 Ed Wood-ish sexploitationer concerning the dangers of premarital sex) and Born Innocent (the original theatrical version of the Linda Blair classic that was never aired on TV). VHS ONLY!! Send \$19.95 for each tape (plus \$2.50 postage) to the G.G., c/o our masthead address. Order today!

FOR SALE- Original one-sheet posters from the following films: DAY OF THE DEAD, RETURN OF THE LIVING DEAD, NIGHTMARE ON ELM STREET, CANNIBAL HOLOCAUST, THE STUFF and FASTER, PUSSYCAT, KILL KILL!. All posters are in mint condition and cost only \$9.00 each (plus \$1 postage). Send checks or money orders to the G.G., c/o our masthead address. Your poster want lists are welcome!

Videophiles who are searching for some really obscure and unreleased stuff are urged to send off \$3 for a copy of the G.G. Private Listing. Included therein are titles we don't dare mention in print as well as some related genre curios. Plus- Your three bucks will be refunded with your first video order. How can you lose? Send off your order now to the G.G. c/o our masthead address.

The G.G. Film Series has now been moved to Wednesday evenings at the Dive, 257 W. 29th St. in Manhattan. All shows still feature the Famous G.G. gore trailer reels and start at 8:00 sharp. The new management there has even lowered the price for beers, so for 4 bucks, you can't go wrong.



**WORTHY LATE THAN NEVER-** Way back in November of 1984 when the G.G. celebrated its fourth anniversary party at The Dive in NY, three generations of sleazemasters posed for this photo. Left to right: Joe Spinell, everyone's favorite Maniac!; Herschell Gordon Lewis, the undisputed king of gore and the very plastered G.G. editor. Keep posted for this fall's gala 5 Year Gore Gazette Anniversary Bash!